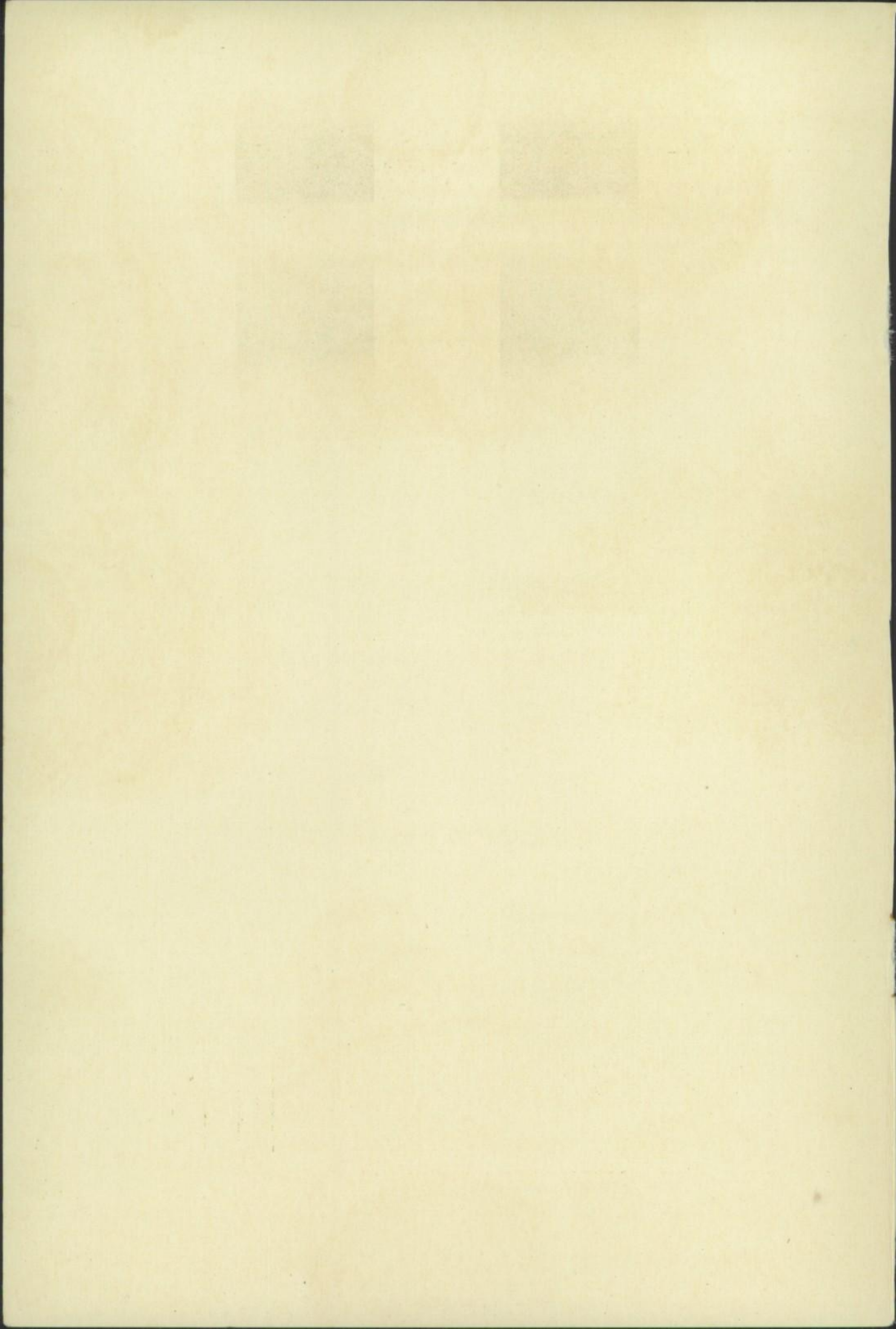
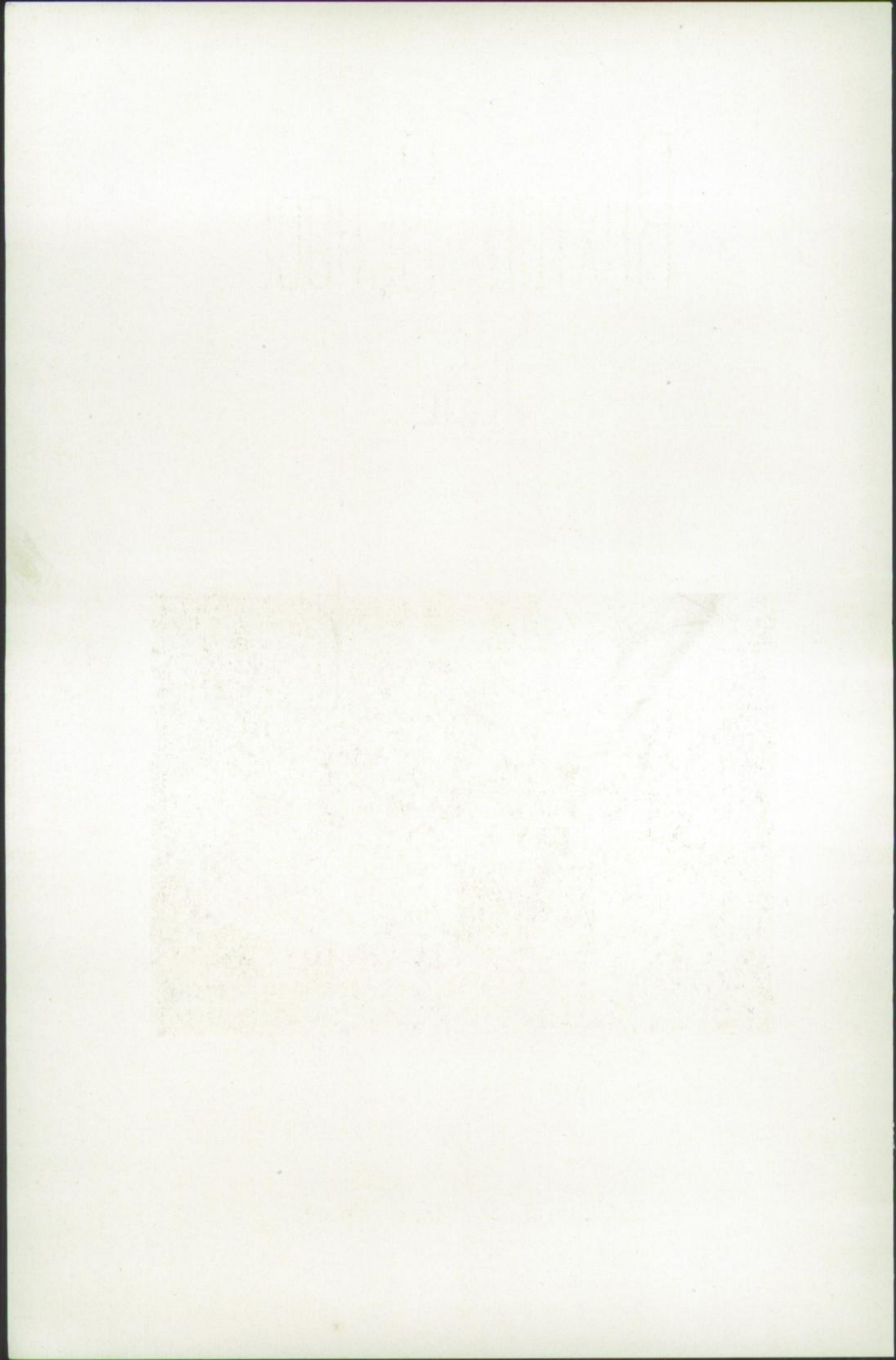


1952







Buxton School

1952



Williamstown, Massachusetts



It is to Ellen Geer Sangster, who believes so much in the values which she finds in all people and has the understanding to make them realize these values in themselves, that we dedicate this yearbook.

Many questions are raised about Progressive Education. We in the Senior Class feel that there is no better way to find the answers than through its students. This year by starting our yearbook with eight separate introductions expressing an emotion or an experience of each senior and by describing the year in such a way that you will see it as we remember it, we hope to present a clear and satisfying picture.





THE struggle to discover a meaning for existence is perhaps the most acute in the last two years of High School. It suddenly dawns on you that humanity must have some purpose, but it is only those who don't find all their time taken by the mere act of existing who find the inspiration to discover this purpose. Perhaps they who only exist are in a sense freer in their rigid pattern than we who seek explanations.

In order to simplify the question of existence, I ask myself, "What is the purpose of my existence?" In the last two years my primary thought has been to find a general aim for myself and to set a goal. There have been many blind alleys to follow in the labyrinth of imagination, and many so-called ideals and principles had to be trampled down.

Now at last I feel I have removed most of the camouflage one builds around oneself for protection and underneath I have found one dream, one desire. My goal is to construct this dream into a reality.

But to discover these things, variety and time are perhaps the main elements. Variety to accumulate wide interest so as to have choice and time to discover correct channels for ambition. A tree can be pruned in order to strengthen its main arteries, but new twigs will grow and in the course of human life, new thoughts will develop and they too must be pruned so as to let the strong thoughts flourish.

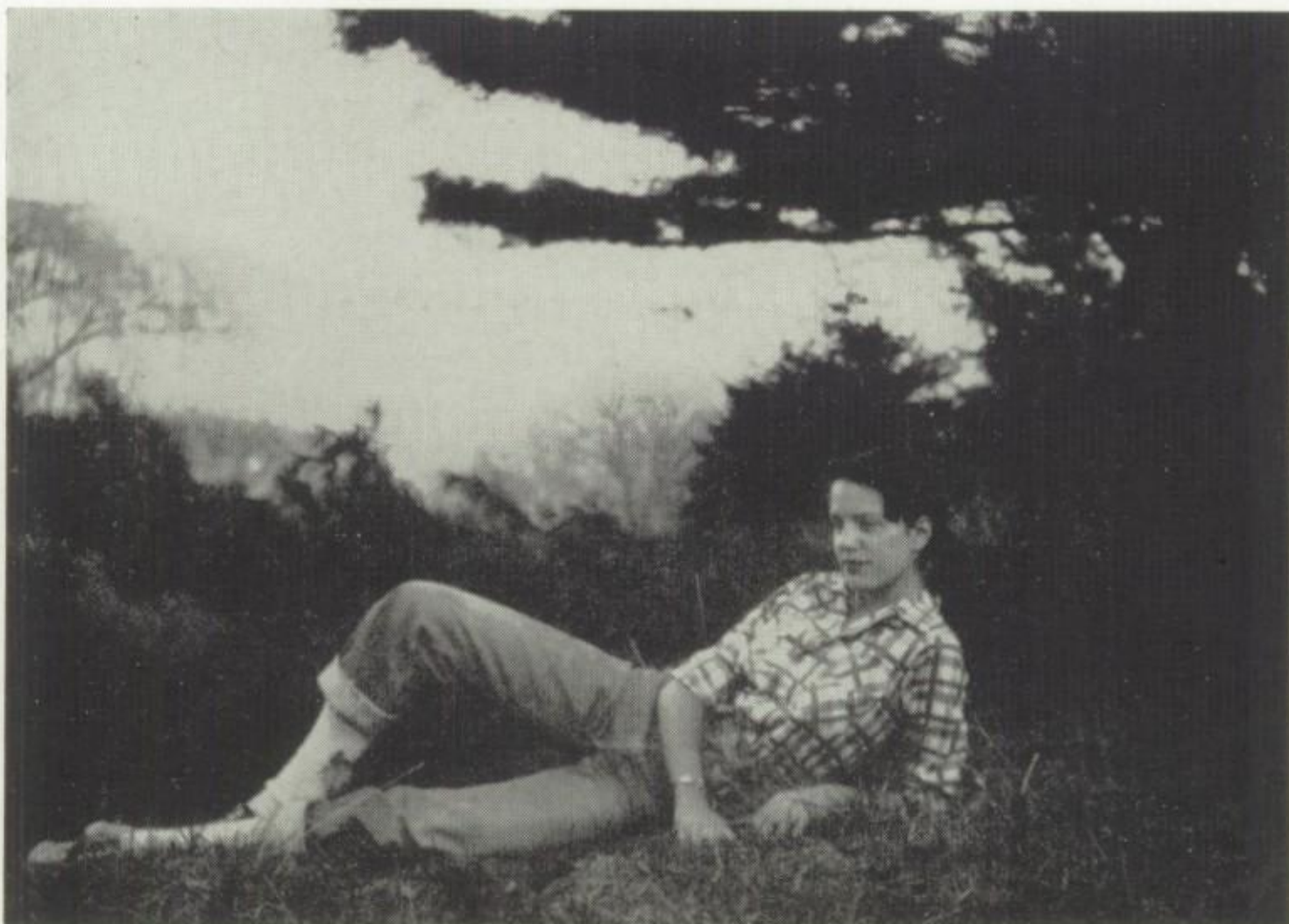
It is here at Buxton I have discovered the faculty for pruning the growth of an increasingly active mind. I fear there is just one life and I can waste no time in foolish reverie of those things I might have done. I can only regard existence as a great gift which I can mold into a failure or a success.

—Elizabeth Shulman

"Their quiet faces stay within my mind,
And rise then fall in rhythmic loneliness.
For fear beyond their hollow walls was less
Than showed outside. I move away to find
The comfort known to travellers who wind
Their shallow paths in lonely peacelessness.
But now upon my path as though to press
The space, grows grass on tears and dew combined.
This comfort known so doubtful in the night
Removes its burden as the day in birth
Has flowered. Comfort softens in the light
While crystal tears of morning clean the earth.
As from the hill of dawn the fog ascends
My sorrow from its resting place unbends."

— *Thelma Adelman*



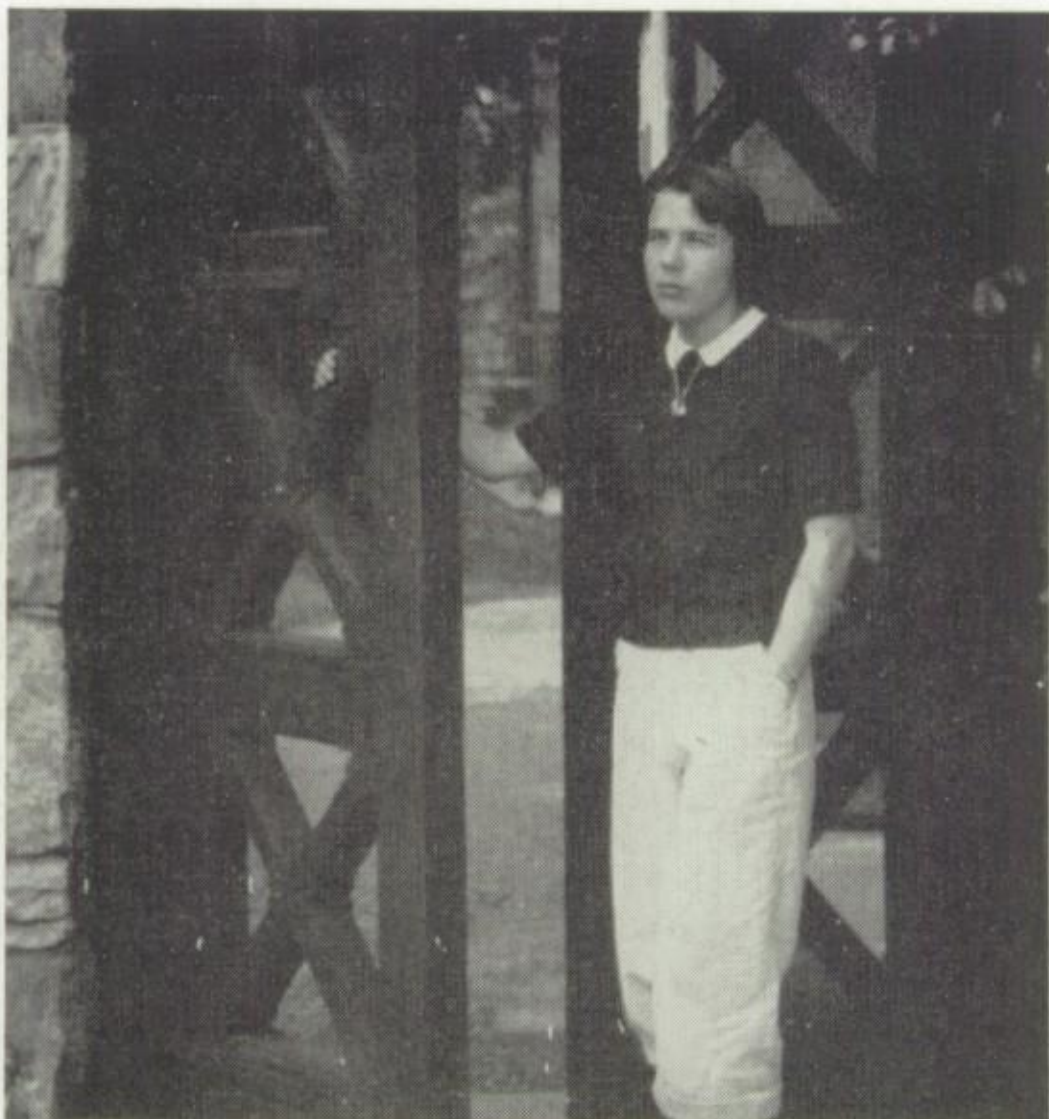


Above a place and time or thought
There lies in veiled obscurity,
The greatness of a mind which rallies force
In conquest of a hope.
This binding will detaches from deep seeded ways
And reaches through the mist
To find still shadowed there a new ideal
Which when slowly drawn into the light
Ascends upon a life as swelling song.
When grasped, this conquest becomes distraught
And secretly through dusk of morn
There welds an even higher goal
Which truly proves the spirit in its light.
Through melting tears
Both joy and sorrow are sublime
For, covered by the night, such stillness
That if death blooms again too soon,
The virtue of the quiet day will pass
And in rest the field will fade with sleep.

Today creation lives in wild beauty,
Undaunted by the melancholy hand of time,
Which does not wander as the fog,
But calls through all the many years
To follow silently, and do what it commands.
Step gently stranger, the tide is rising high,
The sky is raging flame among the blue.
And the silhouette of your hand is brave
Among the many hands,
Which are so gaunt against the sky,
But strong in true reality
Enriching life, if only with a peace
That comes within one's self
And casts all fear upon the winding wind.
Pale is the mind which can not see the other shore,
And paler yet the heart which will not follow fantasy
But hangs upon the written word
And sees the day as it is seen by millions.
No, this time is slowly ebbing to the waste
And confusion melts,
Unclouding from the earth
A richer wealth:
The greatness of a mind which rallies force
In conquest of a hope.

— *Alison Dessau*





“KNOW THYSELF: TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.”

When I first read these words, they meant little to me; just two small phrases in a school catalogue. But it was these few words that helped me so much in the first step toward social and mental security. A whole new concept toward maturity was awakened in me. It took quite a while before I opened my eyes and was finally convinced that I was an essential part of a small community. In fact I realized that everyone was essential. We were all individuals, but equally important parts of a composite unit. I began to know the people around me — both students and teachers — and through them I was able to evaluate myself for the first time. It wasn't easy. It took a long time to really believe in myself — to have faith in my convictions and have the courage to stand up for them. Each different phase in my life at Buxton has taught me something, whether it be a better understanding of human nature or a more complete understanding of myself. I have realized the importance of living with others and being able to get along with them, of making new contacts with different kinds of people, and of making contributions and participating in community living. And the realization that other people besides being just teachers and schoolmates could be real friends.

“Know thyself: To thine own self be true.”

These words will remain with me forever; symbolic of the environment which awakened me towards myself.

— *Ann Mathews*



BEFORE even arriving at the school I fell in love with the country around Buxton. After living in or around large cities all my life, the wide open country with miles and miles of land delighted me. I had the impression that because Buxton was farther north I would find the weather unbearably cold but, surprisingly enough, the weather was very comfortable. Enough for the surroundings, except that I decided to spend my next four college years in this New England region.

Thinking back to my first few weeks at Buxton it's hard to believe that I was so ill at ease that the first four or five days I avoided meals as often as possible and all other activities which would bring me in contact with twenty-seven strange boys and girls. After two weeks I was getting used to my new surroundings and by the end of the third week I felt like one of the fixtures of the school with the arrival of a new student. Being a senior and arriving late in the year made it rather essential that I find my way into the school activities as soon as possible.

With a little encouragement I started playing with the girls' basketball team only a few days after I arrived. I admit I never became a star on the team but I did have loads of fun playing with them. The thing which I think I shall remember most about the basketball games is the long rides in the Buxton army truck. I got quite bumped up, practically frozen to death and nearly asphyxiated by the gas fumes at times but I loved it all.

The informality of the school appeals to me, although there is one exception which is the Sunday afternoon teas. Their charm lies in the relaxed and comfortable manner in which we listen to poetry or discuss various topics while sipping tea and munching on cookies. Since my first tea I have tried to make it a point not to miss a single one of these delightful sessions.

There are many other activities which I could mention at Buxton that have afforded me much pleasure. Even small and insignificant as they may seem, they all combine to make Buxton what it is — not only a four-year college preparatory school (as one reads in our catalogue) but a healthy atmosphere in which boys and girls can learn many things besides those taught in books, including the ultimate aim to “Know thyself.”

— *Diane Kaye*



A DOLESCENCE is the time in our lives when dreams thrive. They spring suddenly from our hearts. We are tortured by their impracticability, and we suppress them.

In suppressing dreams, we suppress the most delicate, most transitory things in life, which, for people of imagination, are the only things worth preserving. Because the other things will take care of themselves.

— *Mary Lathrop*



THERE are many ways to write and many ways to think, but when all this is put into an idea all the dreams come true. I want to express the benefit I got when I came here. First I wondered why my parents wanted to send me to another place, and why I had to learn another language. Why? My parents also asked themselves the same questions. Maybe it is because I am from another country that it seemed to me at first stupid and foolish, but now I begin to understand. I left my friends and family and all the things that I had in those days. Now I am beginning to understand other people, the way they think, talk and express themselves. To know more about the rest of our world and about those countries that are far away is an experience to further knowledge.

Then to put our ideas together, combine what we know and get the ideas to other people, other countries and other religions, and then without fear help them to be useful to each other. Here I have learned to express myself without fear of any sort.

— *Oscar Romero*



I thought the world was a rotten place
And he said, "No, it's some of the people in it."
I turned and saw a little old man
Tying up the grape vines for the coming year's wine.
He looked at me and said, "No, my boy,
The world's all beauty, it's the people in it that are bad."
He showed me the ground and said
"The green of the grass, so beautiful,
All different plants, all different sizes, all different shapes,
All living together in one great green field.
Then he showed me the pebbles
"All different" he said "Not one alike on God's whole world.
But still all together, all happy, all pebbles."
I asked him about the trees.
"The trees are old," he said "They grow tall and great
High and strong and they spread their great limbs to God's great throne.
And they stay in the same place.
They grow old and they send their seeds out over meadows and dales
And they die.
They were born there and they stayed there and they died there."
And I asked him about the people
But he said nothing.
He tied the grapes, he raked the pebbles and he dwelled in
A world of beauty.
I thought the world was a rotten place
And he said, "No, it's some of the people in it."

— William Horwitt

WHY is it that if this were a utopian world, one devoted to the realization of dreams, the achievement of ideals, where paradoxes could exist in harmony there would always be those who would find it necessary to create new dreams and greater ideals. The answer is hard to supply, but this much may be said: that when all things are considered this striving toward ultimate perfection seems the one basic human drive more than any other which makes life meaningful and important.

In a small New England town amid the foothills of the Berkshires there lies a small school. It is here in September when the leaves are falling and the wind is blowing that the first cars drive up a lonesome driveway to unload their cargo. The "Hello's" and the "Hi's" and the embarrassing hugs and unpleasant handshakes that always come when one does not know exactly what to do, are all part of the first meeting and the first day. Then the night with the long talks about summer's adventures and finally falling asleep in the new room with the new roommate and the new life.

Here in the serene atmosphere of the country with its mountains and with its woodland a class can go up into the fields and learn. One doesn't learn by a monotonous voice going on hour after hour, but by discussion. The student is not merely that part of the class that is the impossible object of the teacher's knowledge, but is essentially the class. By demanding more through curiosity and participation the teacher must mold the time to the interest of the class, and in so doing he works toward a goal that will be most beneficial to the student. After discussions, and by piecing together bits of knowledge one comes up with something worthwhile and has learned or better yet has tasted a bit of knowledge, and wants ever so much to know more. After all, learning at this stage is not the beginning and ending of all education but the opening of new interest and the desire to learn for a long time to come.

Among these new interests, creative writing assumes an important place. As the following examples will show, each individual writes about what he himself feels and expresses himself in whatever form he chooses.

SOLITUDE

The crying sands of winter's coming,
Out on nothing, into nothing,
Forging through a spinning world of silence.
Quiet sands: a portrait of the lost forgotten earth,
And man, who came to leave his step behind.

— *Alison Dessau*

MANIAC?

SHELDON, Ohio, population one thousand, was submerged in a thick coat of fog on that memorable November afternoon. It was way back in the late nineteen twenties when I was still in my teens, but I think I'll remember that old man's face as long as I live. I guess this might be clearer to all of you if I started from the beginning.

Around five o'clock on this late fall afternoon was when we first noticed the old man trudging up Main Street. He seemed to have attracted most of the town's stray dogs, for there were at least a half dozen of them running along at his heels, yelping and growling. He had a withered look about him, with his long scraggly beard and stooped shoulders. He carried no pack or knapsack like the ordinary tramp but only a crooked stick to lean on. Paying no attention to anyone, he went over to the town bulletin board and pinned up a small piece of paper. Then laughing quietly to himself, he proceeded down the street and disappeared. As soon as he left, a few curious townspeople sauntered up to the bulletin board to see what the old man had placed there. After a few seconds a gasp of astonishment was echoed amongst the crowd, for the sign read: "AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW NIGHT, IN YOUR CEMETERY, I WILL RAISE SOMEONE FROM THE DEAD." The startled people scattered around in small groups and excitedly discussed the strange old man and his prophecy.

Before the day was over, everyone in our small town had been told about the notice and they all speculated as to what it really meant. Very few people really believed the message, but they were all eager to know what was going to take place in the cemetery at midnight.

The next evening, as early as seven o'clock, cars and buggies started arriving at the cemetery. No one had seen anything of the old man since the previous afternoon, but in a small town like ours everything that happens out of the ordinary always causes a lot of excitement. Most of the townspeople, even though they put little faith in the old man's words, spent most of the day wondering what it would be like

to see once again their loved-ones and friends who had died. This was about the most exciting thing that had happened to our little town in an awful long time.

About eleven forty-five, he arrived looking just the same but with a queer smile on his face. He had no implements or tools but only a small faded leather book. He looked around at the large crowd, and they in turn grew silent and apprehensive as they waited. After a careful study of the graves, he walked over to a small one in a corner which seemed to have had little care or attention for many years. It was the grave of Mary Larson who had died ten years before after falling down her cellar stairs. Her husband, Ben, a sullen and solitary man, had never remarried, but lived by himself with few friends and no relatives.

Standing in front of the grave, the old man opened his little book and started to read silently to himself. Ben Larson, who had arrived late, began pushing his way to the front of the crowd to see what was happening. He had been out possum hunting that evening and seeing all the commotion at the cemetery, had come over to investigate. Living so far out of town, he had heard nothing of the old man, and when the people, in hushed whispers, explained to him what was going on he immediately grew very excited. From time to time, the old man would interrupt his reading to look up at the crowd and seeing Ben he laughed a queer croaking kind of laugh. Then he started making strange signs with his hands as if to call the spirit out of the grave. By this time, the expression on Ben Larson's face had turned from one of astonishment to a look of intense horror and fright. Then the old man turned to the people and raising a hand to silence them he said:

"Now it is time to . . ."

Just then, Ben Larson uttered a horrible scream and grabbing his hunting gun and stumbling toward the old man he fired three shots at him and screamed:

"I won't have her ghost coming back to haunt me. I didn't mean to push her. I won't let her come back."

Then grabbing up his gun again, he fired the fourth shell into his own head, and fell over on top of his wife's grave. The old man, who had died instantly, lay over to the side with the same strange smile on his face.

The next day there was a clipping on the town bulletin board from the state capitol's daily newspaper, reading:

"Maniac escapes from state asylum. He is about seventy years old and believes he has supernatural powers."

— *Ann Mathews*

FOG

With satanic robes it seeks to veil the earth
Gliding, sliding,
Clinging, seeping life, color, into its vastness.
A horn is sounded like the cry of a child lost in oblivion.
But its density suffocates all sound.

Beneath it water can only breathe gently,
Hills must fade before it,
Scent must bury itself within it.

But sun may permeate, dissolve it,
Until fog becomes mere wisps
And life springs upward outward
And laughs again.

—*Elizabeth Shulman*



Slipping away, away beyond the roofs of the hills, slipping through the trees, through the earth, and through all those intricacies that should serve to hold it, preserve it.

The air becomes cold as it slips further away and again those very things, like the trees and the earth, begin to reflect the widened absence.

The basis of progression and achievement now act as reflectors and destroyers where before, as though an inverted mountain were the scope and all views were focused outwardly, now the view is narrowed and the line of sight is surrounded and directed.

Whereas before acceptance of reality was so natural that it became secondary to the intangible, now each object must have a logical explanation, and those divine things that are beyond explanation seem so often to fade.

—*Thelma Adelman*

There is a pasture;
And in this pasture graze the wants, the desires,
And the hopes of all men.
The pasture is large; and has no wall;
 no gate,
 no line,
 no race,
But has a sign . . . Associate!
That is the rub,
For when we choose to use that word
We've drawn the line and cut the herd.

— *William Horwitt*

THE CROSS

The sod, the ash, the mound,
The long and level lines stretching,
Stretching along the infinite path, and the steps
Leaving just a single mark behind,
Down one, down two, down one,
Down, down, down, gone.
Mark the place,
Unearth the flowers else they wilt,
Replant the grass
And hope it rains.
When the night grows cold
Or the dust rises from the naked ground,
With the wind a husky beggar at its side
Sweeping away the only impression left,
Run to your mothers.
Make your homes and reap your fields,
Teach your children your ethics,
And tomorrow they will be the dust
That with the wind sent you home today.
Remember creation,
And do not look over the hill to the level
Where death has banished life,
Else the cross, your cross,
White, white, unstained by the blood
That flows on other shores,
Decay your heart too soon.

— *Alison Dessau*



In the fall, our sports time is devoted to soccer. Everyone participates and our afternoons are either spent in practicing or playing games with other nearby schools. We have our share of wins and losses, but we derive our real enjoyment from getting together with the kids of different schools and playing to the best of our ability. Unlike the spring, with its tennis, baseball, track and swimming, the values gained from our fall program center around team play and cooperation and friendly competition.

Also in the fall came our first mountain climb, which was suggested at breakfast by one of the teachers. Classes were cancelled, sandwiches were hastily made, and the whole school hiked up Greylock Mountain.

A few days later came alumni weekend, which was of great interest to everyone and particularly to the people who had been at the school during past years. This was the first time the graduates had come back as a unit. It was fascinating to watch the eyes of the newer students, their friends, and the old timers all uniting in reminiscing. The alumni compared notes on what Buxton had meant to them during the years since they had graduated. Excerpts from what some of them wrote follow.

"It is very hard to look back and see yourself growing up. I see a young boy, tall, thin, and afraid. Afraid of what? He doesn't really know and around him there is a sort of a wall (known as a cover-up mechanism) to hide his fear. The wall that was once impenetrable begins to soften and melt away. This took time and care, but the result: a mature young man now able to face life and say, 'I have won at last and life is what I make it from now on.'"

* * * * *

"First of all, I think it taught me how to live with other people — something that I probably would not have gotten so soon at a public high school, or at many other boarding schools whether they be co-ed or not. This was because of the freedom that was allowed to us and the daily almost minute to minute need for cooperation that this freedom entailed. The fact that the school is small does of course have some disadvantages, but this very smallness is instrumental in helping its students (me in particular) to what is the most underlying goal of secondary education: to learn how to live with yourself and with society as a whole. By being small it makes it easier to get these techniques of relations established in dealing with only a small group before this generalized society is tackled. But while this was going on we did not lose contact with the 'outside.' Thus it was not the great ivory tower that is so easy for a school of this kind to become."

* * * * *

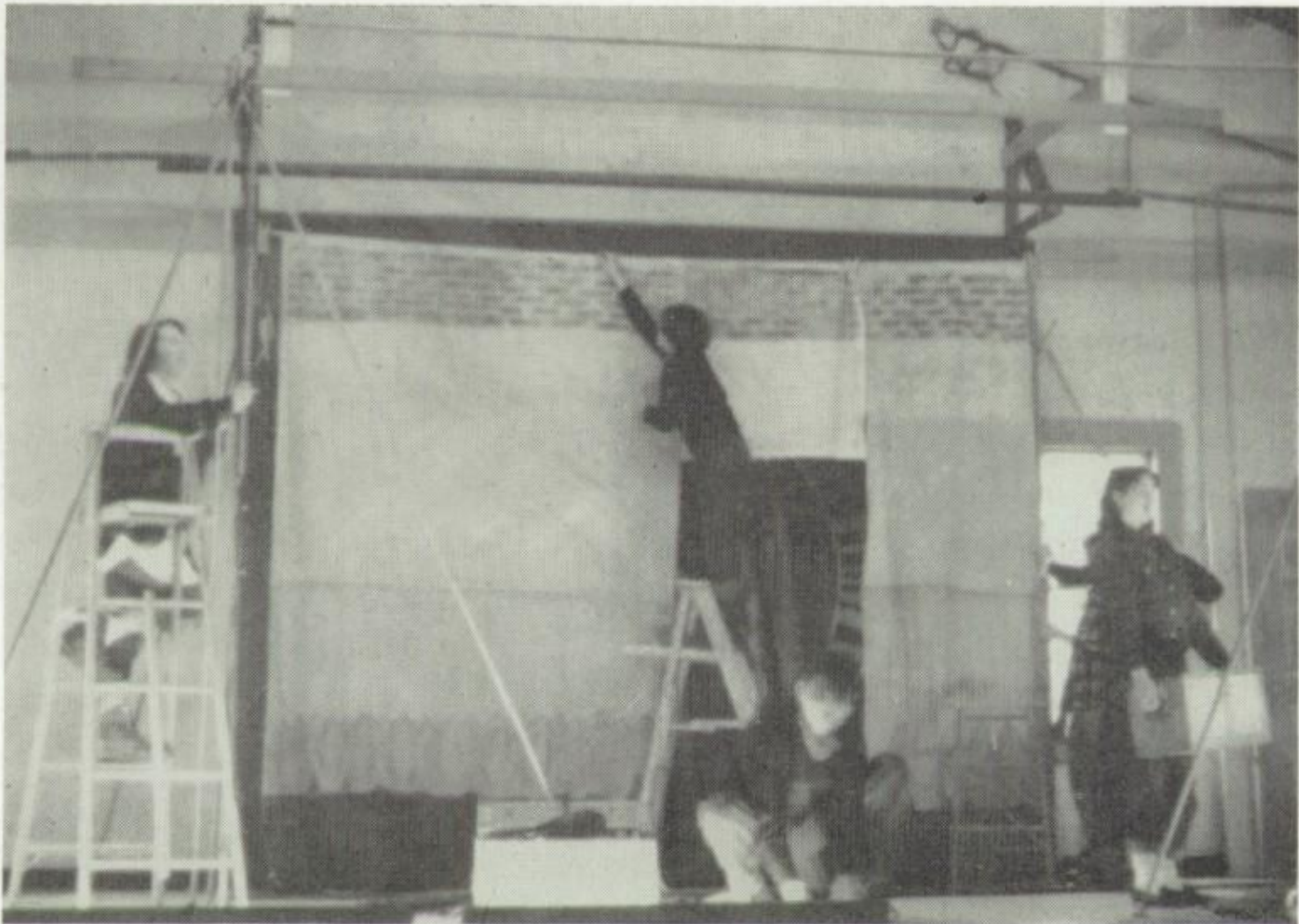
"First of all I remember gaining a firm sense of values and from them an ambition to, in some way, fulfill my new found ideals. I gained the self-confidence necessary to try to put my plans into effect and I learned to see what an obstacle or situation required to be surmounted. Of course I was taught an ample amount of scholastic knowledge so that my foundation in such matters was sufficient for a college. As I look back I regret that I have been unable to maintain closer ties with the school that has meant so much to me and so much for me."

* * * * *

"The greatest contribution that Buxton gave me was to loosen up inwardly. It also gave me confidence and made me approach subjects which before I would never dare lay my hands on for fear that I would not be able to keep up with the others. Buxton reminds me of a chicken where one has a place of warmth under the wing and yet the individual is left free to develop and think the way he wishes."

"At Buxton the timid students, skilled or unskilled, join in all activities. The new students try new things, become somewhat proficient at them, and if they have the chance to use these or similar skills again a sense of confidence is there. Buxton gives the student a chance to try many new skills and to develop abilities which in a larger school he'd never have the chance to try, much less develop.

"Also the Buxton student has a chance to develop a rounded mind in a wide field and while doing so manages to apply himself to his studies in such a manner that a college acceptance is practically assured."



When the leaves begin to turn yellow and the air takes on a brisk chill in the early fall months, and the people have grown to know each other and find a place in the group, then it is the custom each year for the students and the faculty to combine their efforts in some sort of creative endeavor. Of all the man-made devices to bring people together successfully, a play with its thousands of intricate parts is by all standards the most gratifying in the end. One of the most interesting and maturing aspects of this school is its concentration on the drama. Drama, by its nature, demands an exceptional amount of cooperation and drive from both students and faculty, and this has been achieved to such a degree here that we have been able to take such plays as "Berkeley Square," "Family Portrait," and the "Mad-woman of Chaillot" on the road. This last was given in five towns and was very well received.

Drama seems to have a particularly great emotional appeal to people of high school age. This is, we think, largely due to the fact that playing demands a release of the emotions; they must be always ready to be called up from their dormancy and to be put to use in the most effective way possible. In adolescence feelings are so strong, and are often for this reason inclined to be submerged for fear they may disrupt the life of the person who happens to be the unlucky bearer of such emotions. It seems a wonderful thing that at least in a few schools it is possible to bring these feelings out into the open so that they may be recognized and appreciated for what they are without fear or uncertainty as to what the outcome of such emotions might be. This seems a very important, very necessary achievement for any school. Also, for those who discover in themselves a real interest in the drama it is possible to become involved with the Adams Memorial Theatre, which is at Williams College, and is one of the best equipped theatres in the country.

When the play was over and the late afternoons were free again students could often be seen going down to Williamstown. The town has many things to offer, among them are its art, theatre, music, and lectures. Tickets to the college dramatic productions are available to all the students. Their program has included such plays as "Liliom," "Pygmalion," "Henry IV" and many others. Concerts and debates have also furthered our knowledge and understanding of our time.

By now the school is no longer a disconnected group, but a unit that knows itself and every part of the daily life that goes on.

Winter comes with its skating, skiing, sledding, basketball and jolly times, with its snow ball fights, and snow shovelling, and with the hard work that always comes with the winter months. This is also the time of beautiful days when the world becomes so quiet that no one dares shatter it with a sound.

To this atmosphere poetry lends itself as an excellent means of self-expression.

SNOW

I hear the silent thunder of it descending
As in my own earth's breast.
The trumpet elms in rows
Shout miracles to the sky.

— Mary Lathrop

COLD WINDS

There's a cold wind blowing, child,
It's a harsh wind blowing, child,
It sweeps across all plains and its force
Makes great trees bend.
Under it a vast sea swells,
Before it fly many storms.
Feel it fan your cheek, child, it is cold is it not?
You are frightened? Ah, but
Hide your face not behind that rock,
For above a great sun smiles
And if the wind fails to conquer your spirit,
If you can reach very high,
A finger tip will touch a ray
And then a warmth will fill your soul.
Your eyes are bright, my little one,
Reach out, reach higher, reach higher,
But there's a cold wind blowing, child,
Its a harsh wind blowing, child.

—Elizabeth Shulman

IMMORTALITY

The tragedy of death is meek
And unsustained in the sweeping flow,
That brings upon the mind
The thought of death in death's self.
To pass the mortal gate in conscious gaze
And reflect to what end it seeks,
Mortality becomes a thing of man,
And death a single step
In soul's rebirth to life.
A break prevails when conscious thoughts
Relent to over tones of captured reach,
And when this harmony in perfect stride
Capitulates to mar unconscious hope,
The will to look beyond is lost.
A calm that's found beyond the eye,
Is tempered only by the heart;
If found this truth evolves in symmetry,
Which passes past the real
And locks itself, the soul, in greater light,
In this rebirth of lifelessness to life.

—Alison Dessau

AGAINST THE SKY

Big boned pine trees laden down with snow
Snow closes 'round the bushes but the berries still show.
Mountains can't be seen save an outline in the sky
Fading, fading, fading as the hours go by.

Snow piling deeper on the stained grass ground
Flurries in the sky flying down, around
Patches of the dark earth still show through
Leaving more work for the wind to do.

Dark earth can't resist being covered by white
It's a good long rest having a five month night.
Dark man's been resting a century or so
And the wind has just begun to push away the snow.

Strong black arms can be seen against the sky
Bigger, bigger, bigger as the years go by.
White men getting smarter to the strong winds blow
Black men getting wiser as the space begins to grow.

The last green leaves drop quickly to the ground
They fall upon the rising snow and make a silent sound.
The snow falls between the wisps of uncut hay
And the sweet wind's blow seems to show the snow the way.

Big boned pine tree laden down with snow
Snow closes 'round the bushes but the berries still show.
Mountains can't be seen save an outline in the sky.
Fading, fading, fading as the hours go by.

— *Thelma Adelman*

I have sinned
And I have sinned directly and indirectly
And I have sinned the worst of all sins.
I have compelled those who wish not to sin
Into sin.
The product of a so-called society
Which I, myself, have created.
According to a code of laws
Of an unknown something,
And that is a sin
For I have created and I have sinned out of nothing.
And that too is a sin.
I am the lover but not the loved
The individual but yet the masses,
The sinner, and the sinned. — William Horwitt

After walking and running in this cold and beautiful atmosphere there is a place where we are always welcome. There in the presence of the kind of people who we know are more than wise and more than wonderful we can sip a hot cup of coffee. And it is natural that in a community such as this there should be these people: the gardener and his wife. The gardener who is so much more than just a gardener — he is a doctor, a statesman, and a man so wise that it is a pity that the world cannot pause for a moment to listen to his philosophy. Here is the house where you can sit down and tell all your secret thoughts to his wife and to him and listen to all their wisdom that years of experience have taught them.



When Christmas comes it is time for singing and going out into the night bundled up with a good supply of songs for the surrounding houses.

Also at this time, we have a Christmas party for everyone connected with the school. Each person draws someone else's name a week before, and this results in the giving of silly presents and the reading of humorous poems attached to the gifts. We sing carols afterwards and end the evening with refreshments and dancing.

The winter seems to go quickly for there are so many activities and recreations to fill up our time. Many outdoor jobs are to be done such as chopping wood for the fireplaces and felling trees for lumber. Often at 5.45 in the morning a small group would be out in the woods. This was by no means a compulsory job but rather the incentive was found in the peace of the woods and the spiritual beauty of an early morning sunrise plus a great feeling of accomplishment. There was always hot coffee before going out and time to relax and talk. As French was often haltingly spoken, the sleepy mornings were alive and amusing.

One particularly wonderful morning the group got into the car and drove to the top of the Mohawk Trail to watch the sunrise over the valley. Other mornings were spent, when it was too cold to work, talking, listening to music, or walking.

Work program on Saturday morning is also a necessary part of the year's cooperative accomplishment. It includes such things as cleaning the house, working on the grounds and converting the old corn crib into a theatre.

Between Christmas and spring, because of the deep snow, much of the time is spent indoors and this period seems the most intense for intellectual growth, including much creative writing.

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I stopped, I listened, but did not enter in;
I heard the whispers, then laughter free and long.
I started to enter, but turned away again
For I did not belong.

— *Ann Mathews*

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A soft mesh spreads swiftly over the earth trapping those whose minds have drained the earth of all beauty. Those small enough slipped easily through, and once again called on the Cyclops to hurl away all wretched existence.

— *Thelma Adelman*

THE PAINTED SMILE

RODERICK propped his crooked elbows on the sill of his window and glanced across the soft red brick of the tenements with their splashes of color made by potted geraniums and checked kitchen curtains whipping against the window frames. He followed the slant lines of the fire escapes to their termination in the little dirt squares below where the pachysandra and ivy struggled in the grey sooty earth. He followed the contour of the sagging fences — the pathway of the alley cats. He caught the variation of color on the wash lines. Roderick smiled and nibbled the end of his paint brush.

It was the time in the evening when the eastern windows hold the glint of the western sun, and cooking smells mingle with clinking silver and dishware to be carried away on a small sighing breeze. The same breeze which rocked the leaves of a tree below and the same which fanned lightly his hollow cheek . . . wafted playfully, laughingly across his hollow cheek. Then Roderick bit hard on the end of his paint brush and the wood split and splintered inside his mouth. He leaned his head far out the window and spat at the grimy dirt of the square yard below. He laughed now, and his laugh rose to a crescendo and it roared on the rising wave of the sighing breeze. Laugh, Roderick, laugh. Laugh at the little woman who hangs out her window across the way; laugh at the stooped little man who shakes his cane at a prowling tomcat; laugh at the street urchin who bounces his indian rubber ball against the sagging fence. Laugh, Roderick, laugh — but remember the echo of that laugh rebounds on the faces of the soft red brick to mock you.

Roderick, remember well your first night here, when you flung open this window as it is now and you smiled at the woman who hung from her window, and watched the color of the sinking sun die on her rounded cheek while the same sighing breeze caught a small laugh and carried it to the trees where it could mingle with the laughing of the leaves. Roderick, remember well the morning. The smell of bacon and coffee grounds that hung in the air before the little breeze awakened. Your canvas was bare, but you painted on it with sure strokes, the warmth of the soft colored brick and the yellow hue of the cornices. You used burnt umber and sooty black in the shadows and in the dark caverns of the windows. You purpled the shadows of the paving stones below, dabbed yellow-green for the sun-touched leaves. Roderick, you nibbled gently on the end of your brush that day and you hummed softly. As you painted, you dreamed of a one-man show. White-haired critics stroking whitened beards, dark, thin young men gesturing with long-fingered hands, women sighing, smiling, maybe even crying. People awed by the power of your color, Roderick, your composition, each object

balanced under the dexterity of your trained hand. The picture of great success lay in those fingertips, didn't it, Roderick? Money — clinking in your pocket. Money . . . money for happiness, Roderick. You painted for many days here in this room. Sometimes you carried your canvas and easel and smudged paint box to the entrance of the park, or to the vegetable and fruit centers where stubby Italians smiled at their customers as they wiped their hands on their wide white aprons. You painted brocaded balconies, shaded courtyards, winding alleys lined with overflowing garbage cans. You recorded the cobblestones on the streets where the weary wagon horses hauled carts of flowers.

A massive dark shadow has been cast on your soul, Roderick, or is it a shadow? Perhaps, at last, it is light . . . the first light. You wanted happiness, Roderick. Material success gathered with the power of your own hand. Ah, that was valiant of you and you thought it valiant. But, Roderick, let me point out to you the place where real happiness dwells.

Look again at the woman on whose cheek the color of the sinking sun dies. She's smiling a deep smile. The man with his cane is now standing under his tree where the tomcat perches in the lower branches. He is laughing now as he turns to his wife standing in the door, sliding the apron off from around her waist. She returns his laugh with a slow smile which blends into her cheeks and whose warmth reflects in her eyes. It's the smile which reveals itself slowly, and deepens on a face — that is the true smile of the happiness you seek.

Roderick, if you look hard you will see the little street urchin through the leaves. He has just caught his ball once more as it rebounds from the fence. Roderick, he is dirty and thin, but he too is laughing as he clasps the ball in the cup of his hands.

Do you remember the Italian standing before his fruit stand? He was talking with a woman in a tattered black coat. There were wisps of straight grey hair showing from under the faded silk scarf. She was telling him that her son had gone to serve his country and, Roderick, she smiled a gentle but proud smile. The creation of her life, Roderick, was finished, and she smiled on its completion.

The people of your paintings have smiles such as the one you once wore. A painted smile — just as it was only painted on your face. Your smile is as shallow as the paint on your canvas. You have searched for something that was nothing, and now, Roderick, when the dexterity of your hand is no longer there, you realize that it is not your hand that creates a great masterpiece. It is the spirit that lies embedded in your soul. Not money for happiness, Roderick. Your soul for happiness. Roderick laughed once more, and the echo of that laugh faded into the face of the soft brick.

—Elizabeth Shulman



An outstanding factor that has always been part of the curriculum is the annual school trip. We have gone to five different places in five different years and have always presented a play. This year the "Madwoman of Chaillot" was given in the fall term to several audiences in a vicinity that most of us know so it was not acknowledged as a regular school trip, although it was an extremely exciting tour. We decide upon the trip with the idea of acquiring new experiences for ourselves and giving pleasure to others. The world as it stands today presents such an unsettled picture that when we came up with the idea of giving a religious pageant with the words taken from ten great scriptures everyone agreed that would be an enormous challenge.

The pageant was taken to New York for two days. There was a performance given at the Turtle Bay Music School for foreign students, and others who were interested. We brought back six foreign students of different nationalities for a weekend conference in Williamstown.

Our topic, the basic unity of all religions, seems almost forgotten today. We feel that the idea of one God for all, in His individual way, was simply presented and that it was on this common basis that the youths of many backgrounds could discuss and correlate their ideas and unite in the spiritual understanding of all faiths.

The spring comes and with it all shades of splendor and excitement. A breath of freshness touches the seed, the flower, and the heart. Many people wander and walk in the fields and woods, and also express through writing their feeling of the magnitude of this rebirth, after the requiem of winter.

A SONNET

There is a constant withering in the heart
Which saddens the mind when we are left alone
For gesture, joy, we cannot hold as stone
Ceasing to be remembered fall apart.
When I look at you your eyes impart
Stillness, golden-static music tone
Which sends a tonic fluting through the bone,
Yet when you cease to be it will depart.
We are complexities with too much soul
Marring the simple with our spider minds.
We thread an aimless web without a goal
Which unaware catches the fearful winds.
Because I can't divine the storm above,
Longing, I must return to you in love.

— *Mary Lathrop*

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|| DO not feel as though I am here tonight. Not here, now, where I will always love to be, but far off in the sky gliding across heaven with the moon. My body, although touched, feels no warmth, but only the desire to comfort the ones who so readily withdraw. The desire to express this natural tenderness that floats across the heavens with me. The tenderness that remains enclosed in tangible shape. Words which wander about changing in height and length but never in meaning.

Were I to say these thoughts out loud, I would glide easily from the sky and once again feel the warmth of the hands on my back. The natural emotions of association would flow warmly through my soul and the hesitation present would cease. The moon glides further along the heaven and my words are chilled into silence.

— *Thelma Adelman*

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GOD AND NATURE

Nature is not god
For god is the soul of man
Who looks upon nature.
And he who perceives nature most deeply
Is the artist.
And it is he who is most pious.

— *Mary Lathrop*

ASPIRATION

This day engulfs the caverns of my mind
To reach such heights
That aspiration bends to me;
A greater soul and heart for simple love,
Which can unfold the miracle of light;
When first I came to tread on unknown sod
The valley of my sorrow, deep pathed,
Relented only then to outer joy,
For when the steel of mind
Can temper helpless thoughts
The hour's light melts away to darkness.
Once enchained the spirit is devoid,
And human mind a counter part
Is so entrenched that life becomes unreal to life.
The folly of this irony of mind,
Came so close, I trembled,
For waking from this sleepless dream,
The cold now a stranger gone,
Contents my soul in revelation of the day,
And aspiration bends again to me.

— *Alison Dessau*

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WHERE SEA FADES

Where sea fades to sky and sky to sea
There may I find eternal clarity
And only there; but you must come with me.

Where time finds its own incessant rhyme
There shall I discover my nativity
And only there; but you must come with me.

Where love is always and only love
There shall it find no enemy
And only there; but you must come with me.

Ah! but I see that I must go alone.

— *Mary Lathrop*

NIGHT

The russet light
Is on the pink-skinned trees again,
And its halo drives me
To a new born love, the night.
Shyly fall the shadows
Which bugle to coming shepherd,
Whose staff guides the moon
Through a faultless pass, the sky.
Above a blood-stained shield,
Above the steel and dust,
Above the mossy peaks,
Above a timbered mass,
A panther's eye blinks,
And reblinks its recognition
In a watered tomb, below.
Iron arms hold me,
And the song of the lark
Twists, into the shrill and trembling wind.
Soft are the hours,
Captured and recaptured with each step,
Upon the singing earth that carries them
Into the mystery ahead.
My tears are clear with happiness,
And as my body unaware
Bends with the tide,
Dawn comes in with all its innocence,
And with it silence,
And with silence,
The deep sleep of another day.

— Alison Dessau

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Graduation comes in June. The year has finished here. We have lived and learned in a way that to us is the most ideal possible.

We all came with our ideals and suddenly found that so many of them were realities that we automatically discovered newer and higher ones. Because of the things we have described in this book and the new found sense of values that we derived from them, graduation is by no means an end of our education.

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